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Bard

ON THE DAY TWELVE TS'I

1. A dangerous day, an infidelity,
a dog.

Sparrows? Spurious.

A flirtatious critic
teases me with text.

Over Trabagazanda

a stir of cloud, coming this way on the north wind,
will be here soon, just forty years ago
when we summered in the great white wooden hotel.

2. America is built of wood. Frame, plywood, pinewood, cedar,
trees. Why don't we build with rock —
is it that we have to kill

something to be comfortable?

Cut down tree, not pick up waiting stone.

3. Help, my morning turns grumpy,
full of ideas and attitudes,

those two

ugly sisters of sweet Cinderella mind
who all is thinking, and nothing thought.
Someday she'll come into her own.
Her own is now.

17 May 2006

By the Flume of Babble

Every word likes to disguise itself at times. Language is a Venetian carnival,
words en travesti, faith coming fourth, truth stretching up and outward as a truss
supporting a bridge that thinks itself a bird. Arch over Humber.

17 V 06

=====

If I could go to
the place
I would be gone.

But what of the what
of the place? Place?
Is there room for a room?

It is hard to keep
asking when no one
knows, but someone

has to do it.
If no one knows
someone must keep asking.

Otherwise what.
There's what again.
Very little will happen.

But very little
often happens and we
are still pleased

or nor displeased or
not less pleased than
otherwise.

There is a cast
of characters
in every question,

mostly zanies and sombrosos
waiting the smite
the hero and go home.

17 May 2006 (late)

= = = = =

Some of it recalcitrant some lifted
or a child would say lofted
from the ground
lost in the air
the way music is when you walk
away from the song
sound diminishing they tell us
by the square of the distance
what child, what child
would say the music's lost, what child
in what summertime lifting
(because a child
also knows how to lift)
a complaint to the mother
and father of everything
They did it, they must have
taken the music away,
why don't I hear it
wherever I go, why do your laws
inhibit the air
from remembering
whatever had once inhabited it
(the child likes
the overlap of sounds,

everything touches me
a different way, see, my skin
knows how to remember)
why can't the air
say back
whatever someone ever said,
if you say it you lose it
my father said
dragging his heels into the dance
I will sing yes
but only from the sidelines
where the real action is
where the pipers and so on stand
almost motionless
making you dance and me sing
and there is an end to it
but the child
has no use for endings
a child is about continuous
like a boat maybe
or anything that goes
because when you go
the child thinks
you are always with it
you go with the going so you're never gone.

18 May 2006

EYES

When we were walking into each other's eyes. When I was walking into your eyes. And all I know is what I see there. Saw there, that time our eyes got hollow to each other and. And of course we saw. What did you see? I'll tell you if I can what I saw. I saw you. You now and you a little bit before, I saw you dance and saw you sit and saw you doing a lot of remembering. But I saw more, no, I mean there was more of you to see. You tomorrow and the next day and the next, on and on, for several years then for many years. I saw you till you were 54 years old and then I died. Because then I stopped seeing. For a number of years you hadn't changed. Your face grew and had grown firmer, your hair longer, dark then ashen with grey a little, the way things go. Cheekbones. And always your eyes came towards me, eyes walking into eyes.

= = = = =

Taken from the other side
something to believe.

Horns or amber/
For you to touch
as a decision-maker
-- if not does not feel like
this, don't touch it.

Amber

is the air, caught,
horn is the evening.
It is a voice that dreams you
deeper into what you suppose.
It is not raining now
but the woods are still wet,
girls' voices laughing,
a man trying to listen but not hear.

18 May 2006

= = = = =

On the other hand there might be a farmer
able to tell north from war
and run with his yearlings through the rain
as once I saw gold-red durocs run
shivaree in Pennsylvania through red clay mud,
enough of me and my hogs.

the farmer would be noble, Baltic-minded,
epical, majestic,

and enough of such, let
the Brahms forest horn call
mean supper too
for all the immigrants

an inner kindness
to spill a destination,

there are people here
who forget the language

no one spoke,
spearmint leaf, female cowbird
greybrown elegant in dusty rain

or then again an arrow
dances its shadow on the cloud
faltering with adhesive love

a moment of paraffin and milk,
and something snuffed out
and something still burning

angry day and on that day
something happens to the fire.

19 May 2006

= = = = =

Too many gods

is that who it is

Miriam offering a pineapple

after dinner when she

was alone with all those men,

their eyes on her

as if she herself was the offering

Where does this fruit come from

he asked, and she knew

it was what one dreams about

in the middle of a war

when the bombs are falling

and the terrified camels run

away into the dry hills,

and his war would never end,

from Africa I think, man,

she told him, or from Malaysia,

some merchant brought it,

I don't know what it is

Lord but somewhere it grows.

19 May 2006

LIFE

This life is a weird party I wandered into off the street, I forget which street.
Now I'm here among strangers, trying to have a good time, getting on with these
strange people, making myself agreeable, trying to be helpful to our hostess. I
think I just saw her through a doorway.

19 May 2006

BELIEF

Quiet certain faith
the way the fur
grows one way
smooth down the wolf's back,
seal back, man scalp,
the quietude of grain.

If you have to believe.
believe that way, the way
the mind fits the world.

Commentary:

True belief is alertness, "mere" alertness. Where you're awake, everything is there. Here. Things have implicit *direction*. I'm not so sure about seals.

20 May 2006

VACATION

Move plants out to get them showered on.

Pack a lot of papers and few books.

Summer nomadry is mad.

For everything could be

an ocean right here.

Sparrow soft and tender care,

a wave of grass, a foam of dust,

my mermaid mild at her desk.

20 May 2006

ANSWERING MACHINE

I want to leave a message
but what would it say?
What is the word
your skin would finally understand?

20 May 2006

THE CIRCUMSTANCE

the mood is coming
the weltering begins.

But what is that word,
frère,
that arbolest of a weapon
wielded at me?

Not you, just a word,
the time is prime,
the next siesta
then the noontime
turns around. You do not have to know.
It is enough that someone does.

20 May 2006

= = = = =

Sleep.

Have you found it yet,
your glad supply,
tender rapture in a Welsh garden,

speaking in clamshells to your lover's mother,
o everything is possible under the spruces,

vagrant turpentine from her soft studio.
Her body takes me by the hand.

20 May 2006

TREASURE CHEST

Glad be supply

or rest

as kindly for a mother lode—
who dares to understand me?

Meekness is much –

log in as a beginner
confident of hills. Confidant,
the road knows you,

the road talks to you
surely

you ascend,
a kind of Ship you are
figure-headed, driven
through a sand of cloud.

This

must be how it began too,
the thingly love
all around you,
hand to the tree and a fruit falls,
name it, name it stolen
like the thought
of another man's wife.

Nothing belongs to you. That is how to begin.

21 May 2006

= = = = =

The drain, the strain of it
choosing East

always,

remember, a campaign
against the obvious
becomes the spectacular,

you have no choice,
o the conspicuous—
only the good stuff hides.

21 May 2006

= = = = =

Honey in your tree
on me. My, thee.

The conversions
entrain us – there is one

last God to be considered,
a name you begin to guess,

a face you've never seen.

21 May 2006